



MAINE FARMER

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.
TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR GRASS GROUNDS.

The grass crop, either in the form of pasturage, or in hay, is, by far, the most important and most valuable crop that we raise. It is a crop that requires less attention than other crops, and therefore, on that account, perhaps, receives much less than it ought. Indeed, we have sometimes thought that if it were not endowed by nature with almost infinite powers of reproduction under the most exhausting processes and management, Maine would become a desert, through the negligence we bestow upon the crop that is certainly, what a sailor would call, our sheet anchor. Our mowing lands are shaved close when mowed; this being done, few take no more trouble with them, but wait impatiently for nature to throw up from the roots, thus denuded, a new set of spikes, when the cattle are let in to get the "fall feed," so that by the time winter sets in, their teeth have cropped it about as close as the mowers say. All the recuperative energies of the soil, and the roots therein, are thus comparatively lost. In addition to this, no pains are taken to refund to the soil anything which it has generously given us in the form of hay.

This hay is a product of what may be called vegetative chemistry. The roots and the leaves, and other organs of the plant have been constantly at work, day and night, during the warm season, gathering together the various materials of the soil, both organic and inorganic, and also what could be supplied from the air, with which to make that crop of hay; and you have taken it and put it into your barns.

There is no mode in which the plants you have left can obtain any more to replenish themselves and furnish another crop, unless you supply it. They will labor for you and pump up all the material within their reach, but when that is exhausted they cannot, like an animal, move off to another location where they may be found a fresh supply. Is it any wonder then, that in a few years your mowing lands "run out," as the phrase is, and you get no hay? Suppose you treated your mowing lands in the same way—taking out constantly and putting nothing back? Would there not come a voice of warning from the kindred, prophetic of hungry stomachs and weak sinews if you did not bestir yourself and refund the commodity used up? Even so with your grass grounds. Pastures are overstocked, and mowing lands over cropped, and little done to replenish. The past season has been very propitious. Great crops of hay have been cut and housed in excellent order. This will give you strength, or in other words, capital to replenish the fields again. It will not be necessary to wait for fall rains or spring snows before you go to work in the matter of strengthening up and repaying the deficit.

If you have any plaster, or any of the artificial manures, sow it on now. Some people think that the only time to use plaster is in the spring. This is a good time to be sure, but it is not the only time. Sow it any time when the ground is bare. Sow it now—sow it any time you can. The same may be done with bone dust, and, by the way, bone dust on your mowing grounds, though somewhat slow in operation, is most excellent for restoring strength and energy to the crop when it begins to fail.

There is no need of plowing up your grass lands every few years if they have been faithfully stocked down with the right kind of seed, and you manage them right afterwards. Do not mow them too closely—do not feed off the aftermath too closely—sow on plaster, bone dust, guano, ashes, compost from the barnyard, or the muck supply, by top dressing, anything and everything you can get that will work in as food for the crop, by way of return for that which you have carried off. In this way, there is no doubt that you can keep up the fertility and abundance of your fields and your meadows for an indefinite length of time. As for our pastures they are three times neglected than our mowing lands. Many of them, it is true, are too rough to allow the plow to pass through them, and they therefore receive no dressing, except what they carry off every year, in the form of milk, and beef, and mutton, and horsefeed, an immense amount of the material of our soils, and nothing goes back to keep the supply. But there is no pasture so rough that we cannot sow on plaster, ashes, bone dust, guano and such like dressing. At any rate, be they rough or smooth, high land or low land, the evil of overstocking may be avoided, bushes and brambles be cut and an occasional rest from cropping one or two seasons be observed, during which the restoring operations of bountiful nature may be allowed to go on unmolested. These hints are thrown out to call the attention of all to this important subject now. We should cherish the grass crop, and multiply its powers of reproduction all we possibly can. It is the first and foremost crop in Maine. Give us abundance of hay and grass and we flourish. Cut off our hay and grass and we feel low, and it cripples worse than the loss of any other crop.

Blended is the man who makes two spires of grass grow where none grew before, and has thrift and energy enough to keep them growing for a long series of years.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.

You may generally remove freckles without using cosmetics, (which are oftentimes dangerous by reason of their containing mineral agents,) by merely stimulating the absorbent vessels of the skin to take them up and carry them away as refuse. Any smart stimulant will act in this way; but it has been found that the safest and the best and easiest is the lotion made of a teaspoonful of sour milk and a small quantity of scraped horse-radish; let this stand from six to twelve hours, then use it to wash the parts affected twice or thrice a day.—Exchange paper.

SELECTION OF STRAWBERRIES.

The following paper on the Selection of Strawberries, was read before the Farmers' Club, American Institute, June 20th, by Wm. R. Prince of Flushing, N. Y.

The great point in all Culture is economy and results, and the true test of the Strawberry is Farm Culture with or without cutting off the runners.

The following varieties are the best for Field Culture, where the plants are to be allowed to run together and cover the entire surface, thus dispensing with further labor and expense, and rendering the whole of the ground, except the narrow foot-paths, available. All are Pistillates.

Scarlet Magistrate, the heaviest of all Strawberries, sweet, fine flavored, very productive. Dr. J. H. Bayne, a highly intelligent cultivator, states that this has surpassed all other varieties in size and productiveness.

Ariadne, rather large, light scarlet, sweet, fine flavor, vigorous, very productive.

Diadem, splendid scarlet, produces double the crop of Wilson's Albany. Mr. Martens Bergen of New Jersey, an extensive grower for market, states that he had not supposed it possible for so great a crop of fruit to grow on a given space as he saw growing of this variety.

Eclipse, early, bright scarlet, on upright stalks, clean and beautiful, ripening nearly all at the same time.

Minerva, very estimable in quality, produces much larger crops than Wilson's Albany.

Imp.rial Scarlet, large, bright scarlet, upright, firm for market.

Perfumed Pine, seedling of Burr's Pine, obtuse cone, very large, bright scarlet, sweet, very juicy, high flavor, plant vigorous, very productive, combines more valuable qualities for a family than any other.

Hovey, qualities well known.

Malina, same qualities as Hovey, but more productive, brighter color, better flavor, and a week earlier.

Globe, large, rounded, beautiful, very productive.

Florence, very large, conical, splendid scarlet, fine flavor, vigorous, very productive, valuable.

Scarlet Climax, large, bright scarlet, fine flavor, firm, very productive.

Prince's Globe, a late variety, very large, scarlet, moderate flavor, very productive and vigorous, ripens twelve days after the general crop, and therefore valuable as a late market fruit.

The following are the six best *staminate* varieties for Field Culture in stools or rows; the runners being cut off, thus however occasioning additional labor and expense, besides leaving much of the ground uncropped, a large portion being required for the plowing:

Scarlet Prince, very large, bright scarlet, fine flavor, productive.

Sirius, monstrous size, light orange scarlet, splendid.

Wilson's Albany, large, productive for its sex, dull red, sour.

Primrose, bright crimson, moderate flavor, showy for market, each flower produces a fruit.

Montrose, very large, splendid, productive, valuable.

Victorine, very large, bright scarlet, firm, good flavor.

The following varieties are preferable for families, being of the highest flavor:

LeBaron, Ladies' Pine, McAvoy's Superior, Sirius, Longworth's Proliferous, Ward's Favorite, Globe Swainstone, Fragrant Scarlet, Hooker, Imperial Crimson, Scarlet Proliferous, Perfumed Pine, Minerva, Scarlet Prize.

Dr. J. H. Bayne has pronounced the LeBaron to be the highest flavored of all large Strawberries.

THE ESCUTCHEON THEORY.

Mr. Editor.—Will you permit a constant reader of your Farmer to ask for some substantial evidence against the "escutcheon" or "milk mirror" theory of Guenon? All my experience is in favor of its correctness, and I have yet to see a herd of cattle to which it will not apply, or any man who has thoroughly studied it who does not use it in making his purchases or in selecting calves to raise. Our best farmers hereabouts believe that there is so much in it that if an adept in judging by this method makes them an offer for a calf they know it is best to keep it, and the higher the offer the more they won't sell. Your Essex County correspondent is one evidently of the ultra-practical sort who cannot see any good in a "theory." One who has candidly studied and practiced by this theory will pick his best cow out of his herd as surely as he tries; and were the truth known he believes the theory so far as not to let any such one try it.

Mr. Editor.—We are the last one to repudiate any fact, or even probable indications whereby the judgment may be guided in making up an opinion of the merits or demerits of any of our domestic animals in any particular. We have long been an observer of escutcheons, and those observations have taught us that they cannot be depended upon alone as infallible indications.

We once purchased a young cow that had a remarkably good escutcheon, and she proved to be the poorest cow we ever owned. She would hardly hold out a good flow of milk long enough to fit her calf for the butcher. We regard the escutcheon as one of the indications to guide, but by no means the only one.

FRESH AIR.

Horace Mann has well said: "People who shudder at a fresh wind and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them month after month to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in the day, the lifeless and poisoned air of our school rooms. Let any man who votes for confining children in small rooms, and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath four times over; and if medical aid be not at hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards."



Chester County (Pa.) Sow.

CHESTER COUNTY SOW.

We here introduce to your acquaintance and even friendship one of the Chester County breed of Porks. We are indebted to the *New England Farmer* for its getting up. The Farmer says:

"The above is a fine representation of the Chester County Sow, bred by Thomas Wood, Esq., of Penningtonville, Pennsylvania, and now owned by William A. White, of Lancaster, N. H. This breed is distinguished for large size, rapid growth, early maturity and great propensity to fatten; remarkable, also, for beauty and symmetry of form, and docile disposition. No part of the farm economy better deserves attention than that of swine, as they are manufacturers as well as producers. More attention ought to be given to breeds, so as to secure those that are symmetrical, of quiet dispositions, and that will gain the largest weight upon the smallest amount of food."

We say ditto to brother *New England's* remarks, and by way of emphasis repeat, more attention ought to be given to breeds; so as to secure those that are symmetrical, of quiet dispositions, and that will give the largest weight upon the smallest amount of food.

RED TOP.

Mr. Editor.—I find, in looking over the July number of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, an article upon Red Top, which reads as follows:—"Called in England 'best grass,' in Continental Europe, 'herb' grass, and in New England, 'foul meadow.' It has soft straw, an abundance of blades, delights in low, swampy land, and is less exhausting to the soil than timothy, as the straw has a lighter glazing of silica, and the ash contains but five per cent. of potash, while the ash of timothy contains thirty per cent. It is deficient in gum, starch and sugar, and in its green state contains seventy-five per cent. of water."

Is this probably the common "red top" of Maine? In what part of New England is it called "foul meadow"? What is called "foul meadow" in this section has not hardly a family resemblance to what is called "red top," it being a pale yellow green, while "red top" is of a brown red, with purple flowers. ELM TREE FARM, Avon, Aug. 1859.

Nora. We have never heard the "red top" called "foul meadow," but we have often heard the foul meadow called "red top."

PRATT'S MILK PAN.

Mr. Editor.—While perusing the *Farmer* a few days ago, I was pleased to notice the advertisement of Pratt's patent milk pan. I can from experience speak in very commendable terms of this improvement. I first saw it at the State Fair, in New Hampshire, last year. Soon after I moved with my family to Boston where I kept one cow. The rats (which in Boston are as large as small woodchucks, and are diving into every hole and corner that is left uncovered) took sole charge of our dairy arrangements. They not only claimed all the cream, but they seemed to regard milk pans as so many bathing tubs in which to sport.

Finding that I was paying too dear for the whistle, I procured some of Pratt's patent pans, and I can truly say that they are all the inventor recommends them to be. The cover works over a charm in excluding rats, mice, and all other foreign substances that would otherwise come in contact with the cream. I think that enough more butter can be obtained in one season from the same quantity of milk by the use of these pans to pay the extra expense of them.

J. H. V.

Boston, August 11th, 1859.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

The *Albany Evening Journal* publishes the following infallible cure for hydrophobia:—"Dissolve a pint of common table salt in a pint of boiling water, scald the part affected freely, then apply the salt water with a cloth as warm as the patient can bear it, repeating the same for at least an hour."

The same recipe has been successfully applied for the bite of a rattlesnake."

Cassius M. Clay says that *rum*, taken in quantity sufficient to produce stupor, is a sure preventive of hydrophobia. He has tried it and seen it tried in fourteen cases, one of which was his own child. The rum is given on every recurrence of the symptoms.

Whiskey, we know, is a common remedy at the South for the bite of the rattlesnake. When under the influence of the virus the patient needs enormous quantities of the liquor. Recently the proprietor of a snake-show at Hagerburg, Pa., was bitten in the hand by one of his rattlesnakes. Alcohol was immediately administered. Three pints of whiskey and one of brandy were drunk before intoxication appeared. The next morning he took a quart of whiskey, which intoxicated him. His hand and arm are still very badly swelled, but it is thought he will recover.

Ricu Food. Do not make gourmands of your fattening stock. Do not give too much rich food. If you want good beef keep the animal healthy. An excess of rich food and none other insure disease in the animal as surely as in man. Keep them thriving on good nutritious food. This advice is given with a knowledge of its value obtained by experience.

BEE MOTHS—CAUSE AND REMEDY.

I have repeatedly seen powerful colonies speedily devoured by the worms, because of the loss of their queen, when they have stood side by side with feeble colonies which, with a queen, have been left untouched!

That the common hives furnish no sure remedy for the loss of the queen, is well known; indeed, the owner cannot in many cases, be sure that his bees are queenless, until their destruction is certain, while not unfrequently, after keeping bees for many years, he does not even believe that there is such a thing as a queen bee!

When a colony has become hopelessly queenless, then, moth or no moth, its destruction is certain. Even if the bees retain their wonted industry in gathering stores, and their usual energy in defending themselves against their enemies, their ruin could only be delayed for a short time. In a few months, they would all die a natural death, and there being none to replace them, the hive would be utterly depopulated. Occasionally, such instances occur, where the bees have died, and large stores of honey have been found untouched in their hives. This, however, but seldom happens; for they rarely escape from the assaults of colonies, even if after the death of their queen, they do not fall a prey to the bee-moth. A motherless hive is almost always assailed by stronger hives, which seem to have an instinctive knowledge of its orphanage, and hasten to take possession of its spoils. If it escape the depredations of these pillagers, it is soon dashed upon a more merciless Charybdis, when the miserably moth has ascertained its destination. Every year, large numbers of hives are bereft of their queen, most of which are either robbed by other bees, or sucked by the bee-moth, or first robbed, and afterwards sacked, while the owner imputes all the mischief to something else than the real cause. He might just as well imagine that the carrion birds or worms, which are devouring a dead horse, were the primary cause of its untimely end. Before the rapid dissemination of the bee-moth, large numbers of the colonies had annually perished, from the loss of their queens. Sometimes they were robbed by other stocks, and often the bees gradually dwindled away, leaving all their stores for their owner.

In a conversation with Judge Fishback, of Batavia, Ohio, a very intelligent and successful bee-keeper, I was informed by him, that his experience in bee-keeping began before the introduction of the bee-moth into that vicinity; and that he very often lost colonies in both the ways just described. The bee-moth into that vicinity, and that he very often lost colonies in both the ways just described.

Huber informs us that his hives, in some seasons, were depopulated of their honey by the large death-head moth (*Sphinx Atropos*), many of which would enter them, and leave with a large taler-ful of honey in their abdomen. I received various specimens of honey-eating moths, from Ohio, last summer, all of them much larger than the bee-moth. The aspirant who sent them, spoke of them as notorious pests, consuming often a large portion of the contents of their hives. He had often caught them forcing their way into weak hives, and found by examination that, on leaving his hives they were gorged with honey. I have never noticed any such about my apiary.

From these remarks, the bee-keeper can gather in this chapter, the means on which I most rely to protect my colonies from the bee-moth. Knowing that strong stocks supplied with a fertile queen, are always able to take care of themselves, in almost any kind of a hive, I am careful to keep them in the state which is found to be secure. If they are weak, they should be properly strengthened, and as much as possible comb given to them, as they can warm and defend; and if queenless, they should be supplied with the means of repairing their loss, or if that be impossible, they should at once be broken up and added to other stock.

It cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind of the bee-keeper that a small colony should be confined to a small space, if we wish the bees to work with the greatest energy, and offer the stoutest resistance to their numerous enemies. It is hardly necessary to say much upon the various contrivances to which so many resort as a safeguard against the bee-moth. The idea that gauze-wire doors, to be shut daily at dusk, and opened at morning, can exclude the moth, will not weigh much with one who has seen them flying and seeking admission, especially in dull weather, long before the bees have given over their work for the day.

If the common hives are used, they must be sought for in their hiding-places, under the edges of the hive; or the hive may be propped up on both ends, with strips of wood about three-eighths of an inch thick; and a piece of woolen rag put between the bottom-board and the back of the hive. Into this warm hiding-place, the full-grown worm retreating to spin its cocoon, may be easily caught, and effectually dealt with. Hollow sticks, or split joints of cane may be set under the hives, and if they have a few small openings through which the bees cannot enter, the worms will take possession, and may be easily destroyed. Only provide some hollow, easily accessible to the worms, when they wish to spin, and yourself when you want them, and if the bees are in good condition, so that they will not permit the worms to spin among the combs, you can with ease entrap nearly all of them. If the hive has lost its queen, the worms have gained possession of it, break it up as soon as possible, unless you prefer to infect your whole apiary.

If asked how much such contrivances will help the careless bee-man, I answer, not one iota; nay, they will positively furnish him greater facilities for destroying his bees. Worms will spin and hatch, and moths will lay their eggs under the blocks, and he will never remove them; thus instead of traps, he will have the most beautiful devices for giving more effectual aid and comfort to his enemies. Let me strongly advise the bee-keeper, either on his plan of management, or any other; for they will find both time and money almost certainly thrown away; unless their wisdom opens their eyes to the secret of their failure in other things, as well as bee-keeping.—Rev. L. L. Langstroth.

TO OBTAIN WEIGHT OF LIVE CATTLE. Experienced drovers and butchers are in the habit of buying cattle estimating their weight on foot. From long observation and practice they are enabled to come very nearly to the actual weight of an animal; but many of them would be most apt to err, if at all, on the right side; while the less experienced farmer always stands the greatest chance to get the worst of the bargain. To such we would recommend the following rule to ascertain the weight of cattle, which is said to approach very nearly the truth, in most cases. The proof of this, to the satisfaction of any farmer, is easily determined at most of the annual fairs, where scales are erected, and at numerous other points in the country.

RULE.—Take a string, put it around the breast, stand square just behind the shoulder blade, measure on a rule the feet and inches the animal is in circumference; this is called the girth; then with the string measure from the bone of the tail, which plumbs the line with the hinder part of the buttocks; direct the line along the back to the fore part of the shoulder blade; take the dimensions on the foot rule as before, which is the length, and work the figures in the following manner: Girth of the animal, say 6 feet 4 inches, length 5 feet 3 inches, which, multiplied together, makes 31 square superficial feet, and that multiplied by 23 (the number of pounds allowed to each superficial foot of cattle measuring less than 7 and more than 5 feet in girth), makes 713 pounds. When the animal measures less than 9 and more than 7 feet in girth, 31 is the number of pounds to each superficial foot. Again, suppose a pig or any small beast should measure 2 feet in girth, and 2 feet along the back—multiplied together makes 4 square feet, that multiplied by 11, the number of pounds allowed to each square foot of cattle measuring less than 4 feet in girth, makes 44 pounds. Again, suppose a calf, a sheep, &c., should measure 4 feet 6 inches in girth, and 3 feet 9 inches in length, which, multiplied together, make 15 1/2 square feet, that multiplied by 16, the number of pounds allowed to cattle measuring less than 5 feet and more than 3 in girth, makes 244 pounds. The dimensions of girth and length of horned cattle, sheep, calves and hogs, may be exactly taken in this way, as it is all that is necessary for any computation or any valuation of stock, and will answer exactly to the four quarters, sinking of fat. The rule is so simple that any man with a bit of chalk can work it out. Much is often lost to farmers by mere guess-work of the weight of their stock, and this plain rule is well worth their attention.—St. Louis Valley Farmer.

THE FRENCH METHOD OF CULTIVATING THE TOMATO.

The best French gardeners are quite particular about stopping their plants, so that as nice a balance may be maintained between fruit and leaves as in a peach tree. They are not satisfied with mere topping as soon as there are plenty of flowers, and with pinching off laterals afterwards. Their method is this: As soon as a cluster of flowers is visible, they top the stem down to the cluster, so that the flowers terminate the stem. The effect is, that sap is immediately impelled into the two buds next before the cluster, which push strongly, and presently produce another cluster of flowers each. The moment these are visible, the branch to which they belong is also topped down to their level; and this is done five times successively. The effect is to form stout dwarf bushes, not above eighteen inches high. In order to prevent their falling over, sticks or strings are stretched horizontally along the rows, so as to keep the plants tolerably upright. In addition to this, all laterals whatsoever are nipped off. In this way the ripe sap is directed into the fruit, which acquires a beauty, size, and excellence unobtainable by other means; and we are assured that fourteen pounds of ripe tomatoes per plant is no very unusual produce—even six teen pounds being known.

The London Gardener's Chronicle, from which we take the above, remarks as follows upon the mode practiced in France:—"Whether or not this exact method is suitable to our climate, [England] may be doubted; but the soundness of its principle is beyond dispute. Five successive topplings are more than our short summers will justify, except in very hot, dry places; three would be considered quite enough; for although the fourth and fifth topplings would doubtless increase the quantity of fruit, yet there is little probability of such late fruit ripening well; and it must be safer to direct the energies of the plant to bear a smaller quantity, of the highest excellence than our soil and climate can secure, in a species which grows best in a country where the summer heat rises to 100° and does not fall below 50°, with a mean in the warmest month of 78°."

The ladies are introducing a new and beautiful ornament for the parlor, mantle, or centre table. They take large pine bars, sprinkle grass seed on any kind in them, and place them in pots of water. When the bars are soaked a few days, they close up in the form of solid cones, then the little spears of green grass begin to emerge from amongst the laminae, forming an ornament of rare and simple beauty.

To give children good instruction and bad example is but beckoning to them with one hand to show them the way to heaven, while we take them by the other and lead them to hell.

PETER PURPOSELESS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"I was born in the township of Poverty, county of Hardship, and state of Discontent. It has been truly said, that the surroundings of one's childhood exert a powerful influence on his character. What then can be expected of a child whose visual line was begirt with clouds of uncertainty, whose recollections are bounded by the thorny hedges of grumbles, the stump-fences of bad temper, and the section-lines of whose memory are the cross-cuts of contradiction and furrows made by the plow of passion. Of course my parents were respectable; everybody who writes a biography has respectable parents, and I shall call mine so. What I think has nothing to do with the matter; I cannot violate the laws of rhetoric for so small a consideration as truth. My mother certainly was respectable, for she wore a calico dress when her neighbors had none, and went barefoot but three hundred and sixty-five days and five hours of a year, when they added the odd minutes and seconds. As to my father, he could drink more whiskey, smoke more tobacco, mow more acres, chop more cords, make more noise at town meetings, and sleep sounder in church, than any other man in the township of Poverty. Our house was built of timber out in the wilderness of sin; plastered with mud from the slough of despondency; had a chimney founded on the rock of dissipation, topped off with sticks stolen from the crow's nest of bad management. The windows were stuffed with the worn out hats and breeches of disappointed hopes, contained with transparencies painted by the pencil of fancy, considerably aided by the spiders and flies. Our beds were made of the loose straws of conversation which are said to tell which way the wind blows, and covered with quilts made of patches from the patch-work of scandal, well battened with the cotton of groundless surmises and insinuations. Our chairs were the stumbling blocks of ignorance; our table was saved from the tree growing from the root of evil, supported by the cross-legs of perpetual woe. Our dishes were made of the clay of obstinacy, burned in the crucible of contention. Our domestic animals, including father, mother and children, were as undomestic as tigers and catamounts. Our garden was fenced by the railings of anger, which, as everybody knows, has many weak spots, low places and gaps; and since our gate of strife hung by the hinges of former resolutions, you cannot wonder if we often escaped the barriers of parental authority and were perpetually straying in the common of iniquity. One day, while hunting the leaves of prejudice, with which my gentle mother was intending to season the hot soup of dispute for my amiable father's dinner, I hitched my clothes on a bumble of impatience and was carried by a whirlwind of fury into the meadows of bad principles, where I met a companion, who, to do him justice, generally adheres to those who once befriended him till they float down the stream of contempt and ground on the sandbars of open perjury. This gentleman was the offspring of the ancient Beelzebub, as you will find by turning to a certain ancient volume, which most of you are accustomed to consult, where it is said, 'when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar and the father of it'; but he frequents all ranks of society, and is known by various names in polite society, such as Quibble, Evasion, White Lie, House Lie, and Falsehood, and whom I shall call Truthless. This pleasant companion introduced me to a friend of his, an accomplished officer in his line, General Mischievous, who immediately inquired my name. When I told him, he informed me that every department of his army was largely stocked from nearer or more remote branches of the Purposeless family, and he speedily engaged me, telling me that the only assurance he required was that I should remain Purposeless. I received, as a bounty of enlistment, a splendid stock of outraged conscience, and a promise of a life annuity of the same, with occasional gratuities of black eyes, bloody noses, bruised limbs, fines, and now and then a pleasant sojourn in that beautiful building, built and sustained at the State's expense, familiarly known as State Prison, if I continued faithful and showed myself worthy of promotion. My official friend Truthless soon introduced me to a red-faced little vagabond called Shame, who, as he was often near betraying me into the hands of the enemy, I contrived by various devices to get rid of—in which difficult business I was materially aided by Messrs. Profanity, Vulgarity, Gaudiness, Intemperance, Theft and Impertinence, with all of whom I became intimately acquainted; but as I believe you are by reputation, I need say nothing of them save that they are branches of the same ancient and aristocratic family as Truthless, as you will find by reference to the be-forementioned ancient volume. But what society can be considered complete without ladies? I soon became acquainted with a young damsel called Indolence, with whom I was so charmed that we were seldom willingly separated. There may have been, I admit, a variety of persons of more charming countenance, but never have I known one with so many admirers; and such are her peculiar qualities that she is able to engross them all, and, so far as I know, there is never any jealousy among her numerous suitors. I also became acquainted with Misfortune and Miss Folly; to whom I became also considerably attached; and as I progressed in my career I became much engrossed with a certain Miss Stupidity, and all I have to say in justification of my taste to those who may speak of her leaden eyes, clumsy movements and stolid countenance, is, that she is usually able to hush the clamors of that noisy jade Conscience, who gives me a great deal of trouble, especially off duty. I have been rapidly promoted in the army of Gen. Mischievous, and had my distinguished merits met their proper reward, should already occupy the highest post; but I am still purposeless, and Purposeless I will remain, till the will horses of base animal inclination shall plunge me into the dark waters of final oblivion!"

DROUTH BENEFICIAL.

The following views are advanced by Prof. Higgins, Chemist of the State Agricultural Society of Maryland. The loss of mineral matter from the soil results from the fact that it is taken up by growing crops, and also carried away by the surface water flowing into streams, and thence into the sea. These two causes are always in operation, and were there no sources of supply, would in time render the earth a barren waste. The diminution which arises from continued cropping, is in part restored by manures, and the same is true of the constituents washed from the soil by surface drainage; but this supply is small, uncertain, and of limited application, and Providence has provided natural means to restore lost mineral constituents to our arable land. At intervals, drouths occur to bring up from the deeper under-soil, food for the use of plants when the rains shall again fall to dissolve and bring them into action.

A drouth acts upon the moisture in the earth as follows: During dry weather, a continual evaporation takes place from the surface soil, above that supplied by rain and dew, which creates a vacuum (so far as the water in the surface soil is concerned), that is at once filled by water rising from the subsoil—extending deeper as the drouth continues and the moisture is exhausted—a circulation of water in the earth the reverse of that which takes place in wet weather. This progress to the surface of the water in the earth, manifests itself strikingly in the drying up of springs and wells, and streams which are supported by springs.

Not only is water thus brought to the surface of the earth, but also all that the water holds in solution. There are salts of lime and magnesia, of potash and soda, or indeed whatever the subsoil or top strata of the earth may contain. The water on reaching the surface is evaporated, and leaves behind its lime and potash, its phosphates, silicates, carbonates, and salts—all indispensable to the growth of the vegetable products of the farm. Rain water, as it falls, will dissolve but a very small portion of some of these substances; but when it sinks into the earth, it then becomes strongly imbued with carbonic acid from the decomposition of vegetable matter in the soil, and thus acquires the property of readily dissolving minerals on which before it could have little effect.

Several experiments tried by Prof. Higgins, go to show this action of drouth in bringing mineral matters from a depth to the surface of the soil. In one case he placed a solution of chloride of barium in the bottom of a glass cylinder, and then filled it with dry soil. After long exposure to the rays of the sun, the surface of the soil was tested with sulphuric acid, and gave a copious precipitate of sulphate of baryta. Chloride of lime, sulphate of soda, and carbonate of potash, were experimented upon in like manner, and upon the application of proper tests, the surface of the soil showed their presence in large quantities, drawn up by the rising of water from underneath, as in the case of drouth.

The parched earth—all vegetation dwarfed and withered by the heat—suffering under a curse, but is only an affliction for the present—"a blessing in disguise" for the future. "The early and latter rain," may produce at once abundant crops, but dry weather is needed to bring to the surface from the depths of the earth, where else it would be forever unemployed, food for the future harvest. It is Nature's ordinance for keeping up the fertility of the cultivated soil.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

When work was suspended on the Washington monument, it was supposed provision was made for again reaching the top, but exposure to the weather for the length of time which had intervened so weakened the rope which had been left, that it was deemed unsafe to make an ascension by its aid and under direction of Lieut. Ives, successful efforts were made to get a new one to the top. The monument is 170 feet high. A pigeon, with a pack thread tied to its leg, was started on a flight upward inside the column, and he rested on the very brace over which it was desired to cast the thread. A pistol was then fired to startle him from his perch, and he luckily descended upon the right side of the column. The pack thread was drawn up, then heavier and stronger cords, until a rope of sufficient size was secured over the brace to enable the riggers to proceed with safety to the work of refitting the machinery in complete order for future operations.

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match; I think you want the brimstone;" to which she replied, "No, not the brimstone—only the spark!"

THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1899.
AUGUSTA.

STEAM CARRIAGES ON COMMON ROADS.

It is not very probable that steam will ever be employed very extensively as a motive power on common roads, and yet there are indications that steam carriages will be used in many places to advantage. In the neighborhood of Railways, steam will be employed on them to greater advantage, and therefore the iron horse will never be harnessed, in such neighborhoods, in any other way than to tramp on the rail.

We speak of this subject now, because there are efforts reviving for using steam as a motive power on the earth instead of on the rail. We say reviving, for some years ago there were many experiments made in this country and England, with a view of making steam carriages profitable on our roads and turnpikes. The establishment of railroads put these experiments in the shade; but the experiments now making to plow by steam, have also revived the idea of using steam for wagons to haul great burdens without the intervention of expensive railroads. We quote below a part of an article which we met in the American Railway Review, and we quote it partly with a view to keep those of our readers "posted" in regard to what is going on in this department of mechanical improvement, and partly with a view of doing justice to one of the early martyrs in the cause of practical application of science to the common wants of life, viz: Oliver Evans, a man to whom the world is immensely indebted for introduction of the high pressure steam engine which is now almost wholly used.

Watt made great improvement in the steam engine of his day, and Evans improved on him. Before Evans' day the low pressure engines, as they are now called, were used, in which the steam, after doing its office, was carefully condensed into a cooling chest, and condensed again into harmless water. Evans threw away all this, and after using the steam at a much higher temperature, and therefore having more power, let it fly into the air and be condensed as it might by coming into contact with whatever it might find in the atmosphere. This using of high steam or with so much higher pressure than ever before was looked upon with horror by some, and by distrust by many, and but few were disposed to use the improvement which the ingenuity and boldness of Evans had introduced. He met with all sorts of opposition. Being poor, he found it necessary to apply to others for "material aid" to enable him to carry out his plans.

This is generally a true statement, and exponent of the public mind in regard to the subject proposed, and it is often the case that the ardent innovator gets little money, but a liberal share of ridicule and abuse. Oliver, among his many applications for aid, tried Congress. We recollect a conversation on this subject which we had with the late venerable Dr. Parker, of Gardiner, who was a member of Congress from the Kennebec District at the time, and one of the committee to whom Evans' petition was referred. At the time of our conversation, his high pressure engine had come into general use, and the doctor referred to the change in the public mind in regard to it. He described the appearance of Oliver as he pleaded his case before them—the anxiety and enthusiasm he manifested—the perseverance and ingenuity with which he met every objection, and the emotions of disappointment which afflicted him almost to tears when the committee at that time refused to do anything for him. And why did you not do it? we asked. Because, said the doctor, instead of considering it any improvement, "we looked upon it as an engine of death, and thought Evans beside himself to think of getting such a terrible thing into common use. Most of the members of that committee lived long enough to find out who were the most sane on that point."

The editor of the *Railway Review* after giving a history of the inventions of Goldsworthy Gurney and J. Scott Russell of England, and their success in introducing steam wagons on common roads, and the inventions of Sir Geo. Cayley and James Boydell at a subsequent period goes on to say:

"It is now acknowledged by good practical engineers, that such steam carriages for drawing loads on common roads, must not only be of general use, and a bill has lately been introduced into the British Parliament for re-modelling the charges at the toll-gates to meet the circumstances of the case, as under the old tolls made for common roads, the charges were charged at the most exorbitant rates."

There are several common roads in our country where such carriages may yet be profitably and permanently employed, and we feel somewhat ashamed that this has not been done before, because the steam carriage undoubtedly had its origin in the United States, and Oliver Evans was its inventor. In 1787, the Legislature of Maryland granted him a patent for steam carriages, and shortly after this he built the first steam locomotive that ever rolled on terra firma. It was a very great effort for him to do so; because his means were very moderate, and the appliances for executing his engine were very rude and scanty. His honest pride however, was roused to teach the Legislature of Pennsylvania, that its members were devoid of common sense, as they had denied him a patent for his invention, conceiving him to be insane, and his project no better than an idiot's dream. In the latter part of the winter of 1802-4, his locomotive was completed in Philadelphia, and it marched through the streets of that city escorted by the assembled multitude. In 1809, he endeavored to form a company for constructing a railway between Philadelphia and New York, and he offered to invest all his fortune in the enterprise, but his countrymen were sceptical of the project, and so he found no capitalists to second his efforts. He was the original inventor of the steam carriages for both common roads and railways, and as we have adopted from him our vast lines, giving employment to hundreds of thousands, and uniting all sections of our country by the iron bands of common interest, he had several indications that the former will also soon be employed on several of our common roads. About two years ago, a small locomotive of this character was constructed by Mr. Hodgson, of New York, and had been exhibited day after day and week after week, moving through the streets of the city, more quietly, and under more perfect control, than any stage in Broadway. No one could question its success. It was more safe, certainly far more cleanly and compact, than stages or carriages drawn by mules and horses. The public, however, did not seem to appreciate its value; its author met with the same treatment that Oliver Evans experienced, and he had the misfortune to have his carriage in the Crystal Palace when it was consumed by fire last autumn. J. K. Fisher, of New York, has also devoted much attention to improvements in such carriages, and these have lately been applied to two or three self-propelling steam fire engines now in successful use.

Viewing these facts in a dispassionate and unprejudiced manner, we have surely good grounds for anticipating the permanent application of steam carriages on some of our common roads, on at least day."

DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING. On Saturday last, during the shower, the lightning struck the barn of S. Q. Bean of Mt. Vernon. It damaged one end of the barn and set fire to some hay. The fire was fortunately discovered in season and extinguished. It also struck the carriage house, which is injured seriously, and killed a valuable hog.

MEXICO.

We have of late devoted but little space to accounts from this distracted country; for there is generally but insignificant value in the scattered items that reach us from that quarter.

Mexico is practically without a government. There is no power in that country to enforce law and order throughout its borders, and no party which foreign governments can hold responsible for injury done to their citizens or subjects. Two parties claim to direct the government. One is the "Central" government, located at Mexico, under Miramon. This has possession of the archives of the nation, and is supported by the church and the army. The other party controls the "Constitutional" government, and derives its claims to power from a constitution adopted in 1857 by the nearly unanimous votes of twenty-one out of twenty-four states. Of this government, located at Vera Cruz, Juarez is President. It holds the fort, controls the revenues from customs, and has the advantage of being recognized by the United States, with whose minister (Mr. McLane) it is on good terms. This party controls the quiet, moral and industrious classes.

Both parties some time ago exhausted all their means in fighting, and are now at their wits' end for money.

Miramon has lately sought to raise means by issuing paper on the faith of the nation, and by taxing the inhabitants, but his paper wants help to make it circulate.

Juarez has recently issued a decree declaring the nationalization of all property which the secular and regular clergy has heretofore under various titles administered, whether it be in the form of lands, claims, or securities; and ordaining perfect independence between affairs of state and those purely ecclesiastical. On the strength of this decree and on a pledge of the church property, a financial agent has been sent to the United States to procure funds. But as the government of Juarez has not actual possession of the church property, and has no immediate prospect of getting it, the money is to him yet far off.

Miramon's party have, it is said, for some time past endeavored to induce Santa Anna to return from the island of St. Thomas, where he resides, and assume the Dictatorship of the country; but Santa Anna does not appear to see much seducement in the offer. The government of Juarez, some time ago, was reported to be making strong efforts to procure military reinforcements from enlistments of officers and men in the United States. But as this plan, if carried out, would have involved the infringement of our laws and entailed severe penalties, besides exciting jealousy of this country in Mexico, it seems to have been abandoned.

The government of Miramon holds no intercourse with ours, but has withdrawn the exequaturs from our consuls for the reason that we recognize the liberal government. The government of Juarez is reported to have made a treaty tending to its various advantages, such as rights of way across the northern states, across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, the privilege of transporting troops over particular routes, freedom of religious worship to our citizens, &c. The same account represents that the Juarez government has indicated a willingness to accept a modified form of Protectorate at the hands of the United States.

Although the government of Miramon has possession of the capital and archives, and is sustained by the church, yet that functionary does not seem to be very firmly seated at the head of his own faction. The church party have seen a considerable portion of their funds exhausted through him and no headway made against the liberals. This has caused great restlessness on their part. He has moreover exhibited too much flexibility of purpose for a chief in his circumstances—at one time proposing to adopt liberal principles—to decree liberty of the press, freedom of religious worship, &c., and to change his cabinet for this purpose, and then changing back to the support of the prerogatives of the clergy. The faction at Mexico has, therefore, to contend not only against the liberals from without, who continually menace their possession of the city, but it has to do with strife, conspiracies, and vacillation of purpose within.

The government of Juarez has sufficient consistency of purpose, and seems to have taken a very fortunate step in decreeing the nationalization of the church property—a measure which has not the offpring of sudden expedient, but which has been a long time discussed and maturing. It was proposed as early as 1834 by the liberal party in the legislative chambers during the administration of Santa Anna; again during the war with the United States, and was partially adopted in January, 1847, for the purpose of raising means to carry on the war against us. The clergy subsequently were enabled to ward off the execution of the law. The measure, however, was not abandoned by the liberals, but on the contrary cherished as an object of chief desire, and in the Constitution of 1857 articles were adopted designed for the purpose of enabling the exercise of faculties to disble the church in the late decree is received by the people of Mexico with great satisfaction. But it is extremely doubtful whether the decree will amount to much, for there is too little of strength and virtue in the Mexican character to insure the continuance of any government, constitutional or otherwise, which may be there set up. And the grave question is likely to occupy our attention, whether our interests in that country will not demand some interference looking to the placing of a liberal government upon a stable foundation, which shall seem to be a departure from our previous policy in respect to other nations.

The following is the latest intelligence from Mexico: "Miramon had dissolved his cabinet. Marquez had revolted against Miramon, but the liberals were besieging him at Guadalupe. The Archbishop of Mexico had excommunicated the liberal party. Gen. Wall had been defeated by the liberals in Tamaulipas, losing all his artillery. Gen. Dogalado had assumed the command of the liberal army. He promises to take the capital by October, but wants \$5,000,000 and 40,000 men to do it. The decree against the church property was being executed. The bonds of the matured debt had risen 10 per cent."

CONVICTION OF POTTER. Marshall S. Potter, who on the night of the 6th of April last murdered his mother and brothers in the town of Lee, robbed the house, and then burned the whole together, was tried last week in Bangor and convicted. There was no defence. The case was submitted to the jury without argument. The prisoner was sentenced to be confined one year in State prison and to be hanged, which means, as our authorities understand the law, that the murderer shall be perpetually imprisoned, and not hanged.

PORTLAND AND THE GREAT EASTERN. We understand, (says the Boston Journal) that in anticipation of the arrival of the Great Eastern, and the expected influx of visitors to Portland at that time, work has been resumed upon Wood's Hotel, and that the old Preble mansion on Congress street is fitting up for the entertainment of visitors. The United States Hotel has been enlarged, and the Elm House is to undergo improvements.

The next Annual Exhibition of the Bangor Horticultural Society will take place at City Hall on the 15th and 16th of September.

WAYSIDE NOTES OF TRAVEL—NO. 18.

KINEO HOUSE, MOONSHADE LAKE, Aug. 25, 1899. This is a delightful summer resort, in the heart of the forests of Maine, amidst beautiful lakes, looking out upon a broad and beautiful lake, about eighty-eight miles north-west of Augusta, and the same distance north-east of Bangor, about the same distance from either place, through routes of travel abounding with splendid scenery, and the whole distance mostly over a level country, and some thirty miles of the route up the valley, and along the banks of the Piscataquis. From Augusta the route is by railroad to Skowhegan, thence by stage through Carville, Athens, Brighton, Kingsbury, Blanchard, and Shirley, to Greenville. This route beyond Athens, is made of the way over high hills, and through deep valleys, amidst primeval forests, with grand mountain scenery all around, an occasional embryo village, good farms and farm buildings, conformed from a forbidding soil, by the untiring industry and perseverance of the pioneer settlers.

Greenville is the name of the town and village at the south end, or "foot" of the lake. Some good farms are to be found in various parts of the town, but the land is mostly unsettled, and is, on the whole, not very inviting. It is very stony, and difficult of tillage, although it produces good crops of grain and grass. It will undoubtedly in time make one of those towns, like many in Oxford, and some in other counties, where the natural disadvantages of the soil have been completely compensated by the enterprise and indomitable industry of its owners; where they have become rich in spite of rocks, and hard soil, and mountain fields and pastures. The village consists of a neat church in process of building which will be finished in a few weeks, two large and elegant hotels, two stores, and some fifteen neat and pretty dwelling houses with outbuildings, which are built on the broken and uneven land around the shore of the lake, without much order, or regularity of arrangement, the streets winding around to conform to the inequality of the ground. The land in the village is exceedingly stony, most of it utterly incapable of cultivation, and hence, there are few gardens or other cultivated spots; the most of the uncultivated land being covered with a growth of bushes. It is like a cluster of houses rising amidst a miniature grove, and presents in the leafy season by no means an unpleasant appearance.

The conveyance from Greenville hither, twenty miles, is by steamboat. The steamer "Fairy of the Lake," a beautiful craft, as neat as a pin, outside runs daily, each way, between Greenville and Kineo. She has all the conveniences which any one can desire for the pleasure and gratification of passengers, and excursion parties. She left Greenville this morning at nine o'clock with some twenty passengers, and passing two other steamers which lay in the harbor, we soon passed some low rocky islands that lie across the mouth of the bay, and were at once on the broad bosom of the lake. The surface of the lake was perfectly smooth, not a breath of air was felt, except what was caused by the headway of the boat. As we passed up the lake some three miles from the harbor, we saw "Burnt Jacket," a high hill on our right, near the shore, which one of the passengers informed me was on a tract of land, for which some Massachusetts speculators, in 1837, paid about \$100,000, and for which they had never received scarce anything in return. Verily they had their jackets burned. On the right hand we saw "West Bay," where a stream enters the lake, and mills are being built, and other improvements made. The land around this point is said to be excellent, free from stone, and is a better site for the village than the one now occupied. Above "Burnt Jacket," on the east is "Lily Bay," where is a settlement, a tavern and other accommodations for lumbermen on their way into the woods. Ten miles from Greenville, on the left, is Deer Island where there is a large farm, good buildings, and every appearance of a happy home. The boat made a landing here, two ladies came down to the wharf, one of whom made the waltz that was thrown her fast to the post on shore, and after some business conversation with the captain, and others, and the interchange of civilities and good wishes with some acquaintance on board, she cast off the warp, a puff of the engine, and we went on our way rejoicing. Passing a narrow passage between the lake and Sugar Island, we opened to the widest part of the lake. Deer and Sugar Islands are large, containing some thousands of acres, and mostly covered with a growth of hard wood. Above those islands, from Spencer Bay in the north-east, to the outlet of the lake in the south-west, the lake is fifteen miles wide, and on a quiet calm day, in the bright sunlight when are reflected on its surface the mountain and forests around, it is a surpassingly beautiful sheet of water. From it may be seen to the west and south-west, Squam Mountain and other peaks near the lake; away beyond are Bigelow and his family; to the north is Kineo showing his bare and rugged head, whose base is the very shore of the lake; a little to the east are the junior peaks of this elder brother, and away in the distant east is the lofty head of Katahdin, father of them all, and all over the whole, a forest of green, unbroken and continuous, as far as the eye can reach.

Three miles before we reached Kineo we passed a fine looking farm, at a place called "Sand Bar." Twenty miles from Greenville we reached Kineo, which is upon a point projecting into the lake, by which it is nearly surrounded, and which rises almost perpendicularly on the south and east sides to the height of some 500 feet. On the south side of the point is a level plain of one hundred acres, and here is the Kineo House. It is a commodious building, well arranged for the accommodation of company, and around are all the appliances to render a residence agreeable. In front it looks out upon the lake; in rear is the mountain; sail-boats always at hand for a trip up or down the lake; row-boats and Indian birch-bark always ready at your bidding; a boundless forest through which to hunt the deer and moose; fishing and gunning along the shores never exhausted; pure air and water; bathing conveniences always ready by just going around the next point; with excellent house and land, rendering Moonshade the place to go, to find pleasure during the summer.

Mr. H. G. O. Barrows, the landlord of the Kineo House, has just now, and has had for some weeks, an overflowing house. Visitors are here from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Georgia, Portland, Bangor, Augusta, &c. Parties are continually taking their departure for the woods on excursions for pleasure, or for exploring lake or lumber. A young gentleman from Massachusetts, who is a student in college, came up in the boat today, and immediately after dinner left in a birch, with a young Indian, to go up the lake, thence to carry over to the west branch of the Penobscot, (which is only three miles from the north end of the lake,) thence down that branch to Cheesecook Lake, and through that and other lakes to the foot of Katahdin, which having ascended, he intends to return by the way of Bangor.

This young man has made a journey on foot from Worcester, Mass., to Vermont, then through New Hampshire, the northern part of Maine, crossed the Kennebec at Solon, and so through the back towns to Greenville, with his wardrobe in his pack on his shoulders. I heard him remark to some of his acquaintances on board the boat, that he chose to spend his vacation among the woods and mountains, in studying nature in her home, rather than elsewhere. There is no doubt he will yet be one of the men.

I saw at the Kineo House some specimens of Indian utensils, which were found in the earth at this place. There are two hatchets, precisely like one which Dr. True of Bethel has, that was found in Fryeburg, and is supposed to have been the hatchet of Pausus, the Indian chief killed by Chamberlain, in the Lovell fight. The Hon. E. L. Hamlin, who is a guest here, informs me that he has one of the same kind, which was found at the mouth of Machias river in Aroostook. The eye for the handle is merely a strap over the top. The front of the hatchet is straight from the eye down, but the back part draws back, so that the bit is four inches wide. They are evidently of French manufacture, from whom the Indians obtained them. It is said that the French in Canada used the same formed article to this day.

There were also remains of copper kettles, stone gouges and chisels, arrow heads, &c. I am told that when this spot was first visited by the whites, it had every appearance of having been once cleared and cultivated. And no doubt, long, long time ago, before white men knew that this lovely lake glistened in the sunlight, or its green islands and shores had been seen by white men's eyes, that on this spot, where now civilized man makes the forest to reverberate with the scream of the steam whistle, and over the waters of this placid lake float the sounds of many voices in earnest converse, in social glee, and in musical numbers, there dwelt here the dusky forms of a race long since passed away. Here they planned the deadly fray—here they mingled in social glee and cheerful communings—here the old related the tales of youth, and the young indulged in anticipations of the future—here were made pledges of fidelity, and here were those pledges forgotten and violated—here human hearts indulged all the hopes, fears, joys and sorrows incident to human existence—and here the whole catalogue of human emotions expired with the Indian race, to be revived by their civilized successors, perhaps yet to expire, to give place to another race yet unknown to the world.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT. A permanent society, organized under an act of Congress, will give an active superintendence to the work of completing the monument. Mr. Buchanan is President, Gen. Scott and Lieut. Maury are among the Vice Presidents, while the managing board comprises such men as Col. Sinton of the *National Intelligencer*, Mr. Corcoran, the banker, Mayor Peter Force, and Colonel Kearney of the army. The Secretary of War has detailed Lieut. J. C. Ives of the Topographical Engineers—so honorably known for his command of the Colorado Exploring Expedition—to take charge of the construction while he is on duty at Washington. This officer has made the suggestion of placing boxes in all the Post Offices for the reception of contributions in aid of the Monument. If but a cent a day is taken in our 30,000 offices for a year, it will amount to over \$100,000.

Postmaster Badger informed us that he will forthwith set up a box, and all our citizens, we suppose, have made up their minds to deposit their old red coppers in the same, whenever they find them weighing down their pockets as they visit the Post Office.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS. Androscoggin County—For Treasurer, James Goff of Auburn; Commissioner, Asa P. Moore of Lisbon; Judge of Probate, Nathaniel L. Ingersoll of Danville. Waldo County—For Treasurer, Abraham N. Noyes; Commissioner, David S. Flanders; Attorney, James B. March; Senators, Eli Vickery, Sumner Pattee and Orlando Stevens. Franklin County—For Treasurer, Reuben Cutler of Farmington; Commissioner, Albert Shaw of Industry; Attorney, Samuel Belcher of Farmington; Senator, Wm. Whitler of Chesterfield. Aroostook County—For Treasurer, Thomas M. Bradbury; Senator, Sumner Whitney of Presque Isle.

YORK COUNTY. For Treasurer, John Stimpson of Alfred; Commissioner, Charles Twombly of Saco; Senators, A. G. Hammond of E. T. K. Lane of Biddeford, Dr. Bradbury of Litching. Somerset County—For Treasurer, Edward Rose of Norridgewock; Commissioner, L. L. Lucas of St. Albans; Register of Deeds, J. D. Brown of Starke; Clerk of Courts, Wm. Folsom of Hartland; Senators, Van Rensselaer Tuttle, Columbus Steward.

PISCATAQUIS COUNTY. For Treasurer, Calvin Chamberlain; Commissioner, Wm. Crose; Clerk of Courts, C. W. Lowell; Senator, B. S. Cilley.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS. Cumberland County—For Treasurer, Isaac F. Quimby; Commissioner, Jeremiah Parker; Attorney, Moses M. Butler; Senators, Clement Skifford of Harpswell, Edward Anderson of Windham, Charles Hannaford of Cape Elizabeth, Samuel F. Perley of Naples.

YORK COUNTY. For Treasurer, Samuel K. Roberts of Waterborough; Commissioner, James M. Deering of Saco; Senators, John O'Brien of Cornish, Theodore Wells, Jr. of Wells, James Morton of Buxton.

WASHINGTON COUNTY. For Treasurer, Ignatius Sargent; Commissioner, James Sargent; Senators, John F. Harris, Joseph M. Livermore.

TO FRENCH. The Hancock Agricultural Society offer the following premiums to be awarded at the Fair to be held at Ellsworth, in October: Best horizontal plow, \$50; second best, 40; best for horizontal plow, each engine must draft its own water and play through 200 feet of hose. Perpendicular plow, through 300 feet of hose, each plow drafting its own water. Each company is to select its own pipe and nozzle.

IMPROVEMENT IN CARRIAGES. We have been shown a diagram, and listened to an explanation of it, by which a new mode of applying the draft to four-wheel carriages results in a large increase of power over the load. This invention was made by our old friend Wm. A. Herrick of Leeds Junction, who has taken measures to obtain a patent before introducing it to the public.

ROCK LIFTER. We would call the attention of those who have rocks in their way, to the notice of neighbor John, who is proprietor of Bole's Patent Stone Lifter, which will pick up five ton boulder and carry it off with the power of two yokes of oxen and drop it just where you want it. One of them can be seen on the farm of W. A. P. Dillingham, Esq., in Sidney.

FLORA TEMPLE AND PRINCES. A trot between these two came off in Boston last week—mile heats, best three in five. Flora won in three straight heats—Time 2:33, 2:34, 2:34—From fifteen to twenty thousand spectators present.

These mares are to trot in Portland on Thursday of this week, and Mr. McManis who takes them to Portland states that they will trot on no other track in Maine.

PROCEEDINGS OF CITY COUNCIL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27.

The report of the committee on Finance recommending the erection of twenty lamp posts for the purpose of lighting the streets with gas, was accepted, and an order passed ordering the Mayor to contract for the same.

The petition of John D. Myrick and others for leave to play cricket on Wythrop street, was presented, and an ordinance was passed through its first stages giving the authorities discretion in the matter prayed for.

The fifth monthly report of the city Marshal was accepted and his account allowed.

Roll of accounts No. 4 was amended and passed.

An order was passed directing the committee on accounts, with the sanction of the Mayor, to settle the claim of C. J. Noyes for services in surveying the Gardner Bridge premises, and to settle other bills in connection therewith.

The report of the committee on new streets relative to the alteration and extension of Willow street was recommended and notice ordered.

Leave to withdraw was granted on petition of J. W. Patterson and others for a new street to commence on Bangor street and extend to a point on Belfast road.

An order was passed for the construction of a new street from the old to the new Belfast road.

An order was passed authorizing the City Engineer in connection with committees from Hallowell and Chelsea, to survey the South line of Augusta.

Thomas M. Baker was elected Surveyor of Wood and Bark and of Lumber, and James Davis, Surveyor of Wood and Bark.

Edward Leighton and Thomas Fuller as Grand Jurymen, and Omer Fletcher and E. G. Brown as Petit Jurymen, were drawn, and to serve at the U. S. District Court to be held at Portland September 23.

THE RAIN. The protracted drought in Maine was terminated last week by copious rains, which in this neighborhood commenced on the night of Tuesday, extended through the succeeding day, and repeated their kindly offices at intervals through the week. The rain extended over a wide region of country—from Washington on the South to Lake Erie, Northern Vermont, Montreal and Quebec on the North.

The earth and its children were all made happy by the welcome visitation, for the wells had nearly given out, the crops were in the last stages of languishing, the grass was withered, the cattle on a thousand hills were thin with famishing, fire was running along the ground and sending conflagration over the faces of men; and in some cases good Christians had begun to revive the evidences in order to strengthen a waning faith. But, at last the blessed rain came—in the night and without warning—came in the favorite morning of the adversary as it to plague him, and even men whose habit is to look up, indifferent and thankless, at the sunlight, were wakened to emotion by the sudden sound, and blessed the Lord.

It is one thing to "bless the Lord" and another thing to "forget not all his benefits." We suspect that it is quite as sensible to be thankful for the drought, even to its last fast dissolving day, as it is to rejoice over the rain that comes down upon the just and unjust. The reader who is skeptical on this point will please turn to the first page of this paper and consider the suggestions of Prof. Higgins on the benefits of drought. The Professor believes that the loss of "mineral matter taken up by the crops and carried off by running waters would leave the earth's surface poor to barrenness but for the means of restoration which drought affords. These bring up, from the depths of the earth, the essential supplies of lime and potash, phosphate, silicates, carbonates, and soda, to put mother earth in fruitful condition. So we find, that while some of us have been grumbling at nature's operations and accusing her of withholding needed bounties, she has all along been busy in her laboratory preparing for our wants. A broader vision or a decent faith would have averted our complainings and perhaps have suppressed some idle prayers."

NORTHERN LIGHTS. We had a rare celestial exhibition on Sunday night last, demonstrating that Aurora "daughter of the dawn" is a homely jade compared with Aurora Borealis; and demonstrating further that even should the kind of day, in sudden gloom enigrate to regions of eternal darkness and leave his convey of globes the victims of centrifugal forces, yet the children of earth might still for all that be enveloped in luminous glory. "Let there be light, and there was light!" happened before old Sol's time. On the night referred to, the whole concave above us was brilliant with boreal light, a large portion of the heavens wearing a rosy canopy like that which made the winter of 1836 memorable, while one particular belt of white stretched like a rainbow from the north-east to the south-western horizon across the zenith. Shifting arrays of variegated light kept up a continuous dance over the whole field of vision, affording a succession of most magnificent dissolving views. The appearance continued late into the night.

KENNEBEC DAM. The purchase by Allen Lambard, Esq., of the Augusta Water Power, was the commencement of a new era of activity and enterprise about the works connected therewith. The last three weeks have been improved in perfecting the structure of the dam. For this purpose the apron, to the extent of two hundred feet, has been taken up, and eight hundred tons of ballast filled in. The dam is now in a better condition than it has ever before been.

The foundations of the burnt mill, on the east side of the river, are being removed and are to give place during the autumn months to a new mill to accommodate gas saws, and other machinery for manufacturing lumber. The old canal has been laid up with logs and is to be topped off with stone, and is to present a greatly improved condition. A new machine shop will also go up on that side of the river, so that the east shall rival the west side in industrial activity. Machinery is also to be employed whereby logs that have floated down below the dam to the bridges shall be taken back again by the water power of the dam. Such machinery, although never employed here, is a case of contrivance and entirely practicable.

FATAL ACCIDENT. We learn that a Mr. Ramsdell of Yassabrook, was killed on Friday last in Waterville while at work in a cistern. The scaffolding was being removed from the interior, preparatory to bricking up, when the earth fell in upon and instantly killed Mr. R. Another person named Simpson Weeks, who was in the cistern at the time, narrowly escaped without injury. We understand Mr. Ramsdell leaves a wife and six children.

THE GREAT TROT. The Kennebec and Portland Railroad have arranged to convey passengers to Portland to witness the great trotting match between Flora Temple and Princess on Thursday of this week. Tickets to go and return and for admission to the trotting course, \$2.25. This is a liberal arrangement.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH in Machias has extended a call to the Rev. F. Merriam of China, to become their pastor. He has also been invited to become pastor of the Baptist Church in New Boston, N. H.

THE FRIENDS OF WATVILLE COLLEGE and of Brown's University have concerted measures for uniting the sum of \$300,000 to promote the educational object of those institutions.

K. & P. RAILROAD. The second mortgage bondholders of this road are to hold a meeting at Brunswick September 28, and request the owners of first mortgages to meet with them.

MACHIAS NEWSPAPERS. Mr. C. O. Farburgh, late of the Machias Union, has purchased the *Republican*, and Mr. G. A. Parlin succeeds him as the partner of Mr. Drisko in the *Union*.

We notice that the old dye-house building, near Bond Brook, has been removed, and a new and more commodious one is going up in its place.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

KNITTING WORK—A web of many textures, wrought by Ruth Partington, (B. P. Shillaber), Boston: Brown Taggard & Chase.

This is the title of a new book of Partington, collected from the contributions of Mr. Shillaber to the *Boston Evening Gazette*. To commend the work to the public is needless. Nobody needs to be introduced to the Partington family. The book (408 pages) is embellished with faithful likenesses of each member of it. For sale by H. Albert B. Hall & Co., Augusta. Price \$1.25.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September has been received. The contents are as follows: The Life and Works of Ary Scheffer; A Visit to Martha's Vineyard; October to May; The Elusina; The Minister's Wooing; Once and Now; A Trip to Cuba; Zelmia's Vow; The Murder of the Innocent; My Double, and how He undid Me; The Singer; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; Reviews and Literary Notices; Life and Liberty in America; The New and the Old; Up and Down; The Inward; Napoleonic Ideas, Country Life; High Life in New York; Great Auction Sale of Slaves, at Savannah, Georgia; Popular Tales from the Norse; Love; Farm Drainage; The Novels of James Fenimore Cooper; Ettore Fioravanti, or, the Challenge of Barletta.

THE "ARTISAN." Our readers will be gratified to learn that this very excellent Journal of American and English Patents, Science, Art, Discovery, Invention, etc., etc., published by the American Patent Company, at Cincinnati, Ohio, is now the Cheapest Scientific and Mechanical Paper in the World. The Company having an immense Capital of \$100,000, have recently resolved to place the terms of the "Artisan" as low that everybody can subscribe for it. We advise all our readers to send for a specimen copy, and determine for themselves, whether it is not well worth \$1.50 for fifty-two papers. It is fully up with the times in Illustrations, Scientific and Mechanical information. This Company is a regularly incorporated institution, and comprises in its directory some of the leading men of Cincinnati. It is largely engaged in selling as well as soliciting Patents.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC MONTHLY opens with "The Adorn," a poem by Elizabeth Oakes Smith, illustrated in a series of quaint etchings. "The Vagaries of an Artist" introduces reduced engraved copies from several celebrated pictures of the old masters. About's "Mother of a Marchioness," "Seven Years in a Western Land," and "The Asiatic Papers," are continued, while the rest of the magazine is occupied by a number of light sketchy articles of various degrees of merit.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for September continues the stories and pictures of the Hudson, and has a similar article on Saratoga; besides articles on The Wealth of the Ancients; The Rain on the Roof; The Romance of a Poor Young Man; The History of a Heartless Woman; Story of a Devil; Little Peddling; The Diamond Ring; My Introduction to the Emperor of Brazil; Literary Notices, and Editor's Table.

THE LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September is embellished with a pleasant set engraving of a love scene, and is well supplied with literary matter, and with instruction concerning fashions.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW, another of Peterson's cheap edition of Walter Scott's Novels is issued. Price 25 cts. For the full set, complete and unbound, \$5.

MUSIC. From the publication house of Russell & Tolan, Boston, we have recently received the following:

There's Music in the Air—One of a series of popular melodies composed by G. F. Root, transcribed by A. Baumbach. 35
Night in Spring—One of a series of Gems of European Composers. F. Spindler. 40
Vocal, with Piano accompaniment.

Nelly Dear, Good bye. Words by J. H. Collins. Music by Chas. Osborne. 30
I Ask not a Home. Words by Eliza Cook. Music by Chas. Osborne. 30
The Silver Shower. Ballad by Chas. J. Sprague. Music by A. Baumbach. 25
My own Country Home. Ballad, by L. Merrifield. 25
I Love my Home. Song, by the author. 25
"Do they miss me at home?" "James G. Clark. 25
Angeline. Song. H. Millard. 35
The music of Russell & Tolan is for sale in Augusta by ALBERT B. HALL & CO.

We take pleasure in giving publication to the following notice of Lieut. Maury, and hope that those who read it, are in condition to co-operate in its objects, will comply with the request it contains:

TO OBSERVERS OF THE WEATHER IN THE ATLANTIC AND GULF STATES. At the instance of the Royal Society, and the British Association for the advancement of science, the British Government is now commencing a series of observations on the weather and the state of the atmosphere, for the purpose of investigating the laws of storms and other phenomena concerning the weather in and about that ocean. The matter has been placed in charge of Admiral Fitz Roy, of the (Admiralty) London, who calls on ships at sea, as well as persons on shore, for co-operation. The observations are to commence forthwith, and to continue until September, 1899, and they relate principally to wind and weather. Therefore, though observations with instruments, in addition to those of the eye, on the direction and force of the wind, and the character of the weather, are also desirable, yet the assistance to be rendered by those who will keep a journal, giving simply the force and direction of the wind and the character of the weather twice a day—viz. June 22, N. W. fresh [3], cloudy, with any further remarks that may seem needful—will be highly important and thankfully received. The hours of observation being about 9 A. M.

The Muse.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES WACE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother—
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?
Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
All knowledge good,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness
All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrong,
All vice and crime might die together;
And milk and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.
The mearest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest guilt in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.
What might be done?—This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

The Story Teller.

From Chambers' Journal.

MY THREE WOOLINGS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER IV.

While I waited at the railway station, a train in a contrary direction to the one for which I was waiting stopped at the station. There were no passengers to alight or depart, and it did not stop half a minute. I looked vaguely at it as it stood looking vaguely out—it was again in motion; the hiss and the snort and the grunt of the mighty animal, all a novelty to me, excited my attention; but through it all I heard a sound, a voice, a sudden exclamation, my name was spoken in a tone I should have recognized anywhere. A face looked out from one of the carriages—it was *her* face—Hester's! I could not tell if she was altered; I only saw it was herself, and she was gone. The train whirled on and I stood like one bewildered.

I was roused by the ringing of another bell, and a bustle among the porters; the up-train was arriving. My first impulse was to start off in the direction in which I had seen Hester going; but the utter impossibility of a clue to where she was going stopped me. Still, I had seen her; she lived; she had recognized me, and this was such unutterable happiness that I thought nothing of obstacles, and almost forgot my ticket and other necessary preliminaries before I took my seat in the train for London.

I had the carriage to myself till we stopped at the next station. There a *brisk* was waiting, in which sat a lady so muffled in furs and veils that I could not distinguish her features, for I had not yet become accustomed to the desolate feeling that I was unlikely to meet any face I knew. A footman and a "little foot-page" were busy in bringing luggage; then there entered the carriage where I sat a dapper little French dandy, bearing a load of cloaks and cushions, which she arranged very carefully and daintily on the seat opposite to me, with a smiling, "Pardon, Monsieur, si je suis dérangée." The page then handed her a basket, which might have contained a sleeping infant, so carefully it was passed from one to the other, and so warmly enveloped in a satin wadded coverlet. A sharp snarling bark betrayed its inmate—a very small white poodle, that appeared to entertain an unequivocal dislike to travelling, however commodiously his journey was arranged. The bell rang, the dog barked, and the little French abigail was in great trouble.

"Toinette, Toinette, mamma wants you directly," screamed a child's voice.
"I know, I can do with Mouton! He'll jump out of my arms," said she in a plaintive distress.
"I will take care of the dog," I replied.

She scarcely stopped to thank me, but sprang out of the carriage to assist her mistress, whom I expected to find some helpless invalid, and scarcely changed my opinion as I saw the bundle of shawls and veils approach which I had seen in the *brisk*.

"No time to lose, ma'am; train just starting," exclaimed the guard.
But the lady did not hurry her languid, languid pace. I thought, however, that it was only in bravado, for she jumped into the carriage lightly enough. She drew back when she saw me, and said: "Toinette, did I not tell you to get me an empty carriage all to myself?"

"Yes, indeed; but monsieur is so very amiable, and takes such good care of Mouton."
At this moment, my thoughts travelled many years back, and I remembered my first introduction to Justina, and her appropriation of my *Skye terrier*. I saw her again as she sat on the floor coaxing the wounded animal, and her long wild curls drooping to the carpet. I fell into reverie, and forgot to observe whether the lady of the shawls and cloaks had lifted her veil. A tall lean lady, about forty years old, dressed in very short petticoats and a child's flapped hat, had also taken her place in the carriage by the side of Mamma Toinette. This young lady was evidently not on good terms with Mouton, and frequently elicited a snarl by sundry尖 pinches, an amusement she seemed greatly to enjoy.

"Look, ma—look how cross he is; how he hates me."
"Zittie darling," returned the lady, soothing the snarling favorite—"Zittie beauty! has she got a naughty cruel sister!"

"La, ma! how can you talk so! Sister, indeed!"
"Romance, child, you are quite beyond me—you are so bosterous. I shall be glad when your new governess comes. Toinette, have you got my salts? Dese den, dese we be glad, Mouton, you love, want we be left in peace?"

It was very strange, but in the tender accents, pronounced in a jargon supposed to be suited to canine comprehension, I seemed to hear a tone that vibrated in the past.

The languid, slow lady in which she addressed her daughter dispelled the illusion, but it always returned when she talked to Mouton. "Surely, surely, I had heard that voice." I became quite anxious that she should raise her veil, and it was not very long before my curiosity was gratified. The thicker veil thrown off, there was a pink bonnet enveloped in a shower, or what, I believe, ladies call a *fall* of blonde; under that there were roses, and a fall of ringlets; under there were a highly rouged cheek, then there was a double chin, for the lady was fat, unmistakably, unmanageably fat, in spite of stay-makers. For one moment, I turned away almost disappointed; I had never seen the face before. My world was a world of strangers—if they were not friends of twenty years' standing, they were nothing to me—I had no acquaintance.

I was soon deep in the past, my thoughts following Hester Dering, whom I had so distinctly recognized, and was determined some way or other to trace them. Again I was aroused by the tone of the fat lady coaxing her dog—she was looking my way too, and smiling. Her teeth were white and even, she really was a very fine woman, especially when the knot of her pink bonnet-ribbon rather concealed the double chin. That smile again—the cheek puckered into certain well-known dimples. Yes, I had recognized her! It was May-rose, very full blown indeed; and in the pale strapping girl at her side was her daughter. How strange it all seemed! She had not recognized me, and I resolved not to make myself known, unless she discovered me herself. I had the precaution, therefore, to disguise my voice—that sure and changeless token of identity, and began by making friends with Mouton, who received my advances rather sulkily, and eyed me suspiciously, as though detecting something amiss in my sudden huskiness. Sundry civilities then passed as to the putting up or letting down of windows, the interchange of *Punch* and the *Illustrated News*. Fair Rosamond was reprimanded for indulging in a loud aside to Toinette as to my personal appearance; my brown face and gray hair I heard discussed.

"Rosamond, Rosamond, be quiet. Oh what a blessing it will be when your new governess comes? Won't it Mouton?"

Then turning to me: "It is such a difficult age to manage; you would hardly believe how tall she is of her age, and how young she is!"
"I should hardly think her more than six years old, to look at her mother," said I.

"Oh, you flatter me; she is only just eleven—such a May-pole. Do you know this part of the country?" she continued, quite graciously. "That large house on the hill is Sir Lindsey Wolsey's—a cousin of Sir William Coddleton's. Oh, I forgot—with a languid smile—"you do not know me—Lady Coddleton!" and she gave a sort of self-introductions bend. I bowed, and felt I ought to say something; but as I was not prepared with a fictitious name, I said something about honor and pleasure, and then, rather *apropos* to nothing, asked if she knew whether Miss Warner's place was in this part of the country.

"Oh," said she, "do you know her? She is a neighbor of mine, and I see a great deal of her in the country. You know, one must patronize one's country neighbors."
I looked at the portly Lady Coddleton, not at the May-rose, and smiled internally at the idea of her patronizing Justina Warner; in fact I felt rather angry at her presumption.

"When I knew Miss Warner," said I "she did not require much patronizing."

"Oh, they say she was quite gay when she was young; but ever since I have known her, she is just a more humdrum—no style, no fashion about her. You never saw such bonnets as she wears. And then one meets nobody at her house but missionaries, and low-church preachers, and district-visiting old maids, and converted doves, and that kind of people; nobody ever saw before, or ever wished to see again. That odious Mr. Smalley too!"

"Ha!" said I.
Lady Coddleton stopped, and seemed suddenly to recollect that I was a stranger; but once in the talking vein, it was not difficult to set her off again.

"Perhaps you are evangelical," she said "and if so, of course you have heard Mr. Smalley?"

"No," said I—"no; I have only heard his name."

"Of course, I dare say, you have heard he is going to be married to Miss Warner?"

"Married!" exclaimed I, quite startled out of my prodigious. "I thought—I fancied he was a married man."

"Is he indeed? You don't say so?" said the lady, with the eager, satisfied air of a gossip who has just got a new bit of scandal. "Well, I always thought there was something else he wears a wig. But I think, as a friend, somebody ought to tell him Warner."

"Oh, pray don't think," said I—"don't imagine I know anything about it, or about him. But why should Miss Warner be told?"

"Oh dear, I thought you knew that it is said she is going to be married to him. Nobody ever knew he was married before. Did they Mouton, little darling?"

She always softened off the edges of her speeches by a tender appeal to Mouton. I was rather astounded by what I heard, and had a very pardonable curiosity to hear more; but I was afraid of any direct questions, lest I should be interrogated in my turn. Miss Rosamond came to my aid.

"La! ma, it is not Mr. Smalley at all that's to marry Miss Warner. Don't you know it's the new parson?"

"Parson! Rosamond, who taught you such a vulgar expression, and what should such a child as you know about it? Mouton is quite shocked at you."

"Pray, let us have Miss Rosamond's news, however," said I.

"No, I won't tell you now," said the precocious young lady, "though I do know a great deal more. Nurse Andrews told me; and you know, ma, her husband is Miss Warner's coachman."

"So he is," said Lady Coddleton with an air of conviction. "Well, dear child?"

"Why old Mr. Fullerton has got a new curate at Stoke Leigh. Such a nice young man, Nurse Andrews says he is; only he likes to be called a priest and not a curate; and he has church over so many times a day; and he won't dine out on a Friday; and Miss Warner wanted to convert him—I don't know what for, nor what to; and so Mr. Howard de Lacy, that's his name—such a pretty name, is it not?" Mr. Howard de Lacy has quite cut out Mr. Smalley—and John Andrews is always going up to the parsonage with notes and gauds, and some times little baskets of fruit and flowers; and John Andrews thinks!"

The gossiping came to a sudden end by the stoppage of the train. I was anxious to avoid recognition, and after a very hasty offer of my services, which I scarcely waited to have accepted or declined, I quitted the carriage, feeling a strange sensation of relief in thus leaving the woman who had been the object of my early adoration, as I then thought, my unchanging love, and seeing her so altered. The change in her, the loss of the whole identity so completely—nothing left over to interest me. Simplicity and mere pretensions, had been there, but the only charms she had? Now, she was empty, vain and vulgar woman. O May-rose, would I had not seen thee again, thus over-blown, thus diverted of all bloom. These thoughts recurred, with others not less gloomy, as I sat at my solitary dinner at the hotel. The account I had heard of Justina Warner from the top of the table, "or he might not approve such a question, made in such a public manner."

The eyes were now thrown benevolently at Justina.

"In all humility," he began, "beg pardon if I have offended; but I 'oped Miss Warner would have felt and sympathized with my anxiety on meeting a stranger pilgrim in the land, to say, in all sincerity, whether he is bound—whether he is a brand—whether he is a sheep or a goat."

Justina sharply answered: "There is a time for all things, Mr. Smalley."

I could not help remembering a time when she would have laughed outright at such a speech. Nothing very interesting occurred during dinner.

My idea was to act upon the change in my appearance made by fifteen years' sojourn in India, and to present myself like a lover in a vaudeville, to Justina Warner as some other personage than myself. The difficulty was in the personage I should represent. After various cogitations, I resolved on a very matter-of-fact course which was to write a letter to Miss Warner, introducing an imaginary friend of my own, and pleading indispensable business to excuse my own delay in visiting her at Whitethorns.

All was satisfactory arranged—"Miss Warner would be delighted to see any friend of mine," and had fixed the day for my visit.

Behold me, then, rather nervous and very shy, disdaining a black patch, and trusting to my Indian bronzing for disguise, following the name of Mr. John Wood into the drawing-room of Justina's house. There was a sound of many voices, and it was a relief to me to see quite a large party assembled. I gave my name to the servant, and a lady at the further end of the room rose and advanced to meet me. Justina Warner was it indeed herself? The jetty and luxuriant hair which had been her chief characteristic, was closely confined under a cap of all most Quaker-like plainness—there was a sharp, angular look in her whole figure, and something alarmingly decided in her countenance. At the time I speak of, the fashion of female attire was full and flowing, even beyond the requirements of the strictly graceful—luncheon, furbelows and hanging sleeves were the order of the day; this made the absence of all such ornaments the more conspicuous in Justina's appearance. She wore a black or dark silk dress clinging close to her thin spare figure, which made her look like a very elderly charity-girl.

She advanced to meet me, and as she spoke, her voice reminded me so strongly of the past, that I was instantly alive to the necessity of disguising my own. There was one sudden glance at my face, but she subsided into a blank coldness. I was provided with an escort, and I wore spectacles. I could have wished there had been more feeling in the tone with which she addressed me; her inquires after my health, and asked when she should see me at Whitethorns. Seeing she did not the least recognize me, I apologized for my own absence with greatunction, and gaining courage to look round, I discovered in one of the partly Lady Coddleton. This considerably complicated the "situation;" but a sense of amusement came to my relief, and helped to free me from embarrassment.

Lady Coddleton bowed and smiled, and I took refuge by her side. Justina said: "Oh, you know my good neighbor, Lady Coddleton, Mr. Wood—will you take her in dinner?"

Of course, I could do no less than how acquiescence; and found myself with the overblown May-rose by my side at the dinner-table, rather embarrassed by having to keep up my character of deafness, as she only required a listener, and I was afraid to trust my voice more than I could help, fearing it might be recognized.

Justina took the head of the table, and at her right hand was a tall, youngish man, who had handed her in. His features were finely formed, and his countenance pleasing, though somewhat melancholy. The peculiar character of his dress made me immediately recognize him as the "nice" young clergyman who liked to be called a priest.

"Mr. Smalley is cut out indeed," said Lady Coddleton to me confidentially. "I do wonder which will say grace."

I affected not to hear this remark, but bowed in polite deafness.

I was intently watching Justina, and observed a tall, stout, dark-faced man, with very black hair, whom I took for the butler, fidgeting behind her chair. She looked annoyed and discontented, and turned, as I thought, to give him some particular order about being the champagne.

His reply was in a low tone; and with an air of defiance and humility, he laid his hand on his waistcoat, and raised his eyes to the ceiling, all of which I thought was an odd pantomime for a butler; but still more was I surprised to see him take the vacant seat at the bottom of the table, opposite to Justina, looking round with an air of meek triumph as he did so, and waving his hand in a patronizing way to the tall, thin man at Miss Warner's right, who forthwith said grace and all sat down to table.

"Well, this is something new!" said my inquisitive neighbor. "Nobody ever sits *there* but the general; and now there is Mr. Smalley sitting at the bottom of the table, and Mr. Howard de Lacy at the top. Which is it to be? I wonder! How odd my meeting you in the train! But you have not asked after Mouton—poor, dear, poor Mouton. I have brought the child too. Poor, dear Miss Warner is always so kind in asking her and her governess too."

"Soup?"

"No, thank you. You see I can talk while you eat your soup;—and thus she ran on making me almost wish myself dead in reality.

"Lady Coddleton," said Mr. Smalley, blandly, from the end of the table, "might I have the honor, the happiness of a glass of wine with you? Which do you take? Champagne!—not that I should presume to dictate."

As she said this, he bowed over the table, and raised his eyes to hers in a very insinuating manner. I thought I saw a quick glance towards Miss Warner, as if to watch the effect on her; but she was earnestly engaged in talking to Mr. Howard de Lacy, and the coquetry of Mr. Smalley failed in its effect. Lady Coddleton bowed languidly, and perferred champagne. Still she detected Miss Warner's involuntary smile.

"No," Justina replied to me, "not Mr. Smalley, but—Rose, my dear, where is Miss Marston to-night?"

"Oh dear, I wish you would ask her to come down, dear Miss Warner. She stays moping up stairs, and she won't come down now, there's my company. I declare I'll go up stairs again, if she won't, and stay there."

"Now," continued Justina, to us, "this young woman, this Miss Marston, is just a specimen of—"

"Woman's mission," ventured Mr. De Lacy. "No, no! I will not be laughed out of my notion this time. Besides, Miss Marston is perfection."

"What a dreadful woman she must be!" said I. "She would never do in India."

"Now, I am quite determined to introduce her to you," said Justina: "you shall see I am in earnest."

"Call Miss Marston a dreadful woman!" exclaimed Rosamond indignantly.

"Oh, but," said I, "I have such a horror of governesses. I always think of my sister in her back-board!"

Justina suddenly, for she was quick in all her movements, left the lawn, and entered the house with Rosamond.

De Lacy looked at me searchingly; then said with a strong effort: "Forgive me, if I presume too much on our short acquaintance; but there is a question I must ask you; you are the friend of—Tell me, is it true—that is, if it is not a matter of confidence—is it true that Miss Warner is engaged to your friend?"

"I will answer you candidly," said I. "A sort of engagement was made while my friend was in India; it rests with Justina Warner to cancel that engagement if—if she has repeated it, as one of her busy duties. Will you be equally candid with me? You are interested in

the question. Do you think, can you imagine, it is Miss Warner's wish to cancel that engagement?"

He blushed through his paleness like a school-girl.

"Forgive my plainness," I continued, "but I have strong reasons for urging a decided course. Will you tell me, then, plainly, if Miss Warner were free, would you propose to her yourself?"

He stepped back, quite in alarm. "Myself! Oh, I should never venture. I never could bear her refusal, and the scorn with which she might overwhelm me—me, a poor younger brother, she would think, seeking to marry a man who has sometimes ventured to wish she were poor."

"But have you never tried to ascertain—have you no notion how she stands affected towards you?"

"No—O, no—not the least."

"I saw his pale face brighten up, and a sort of hopeful gleam lit across it, which told another tale."

"And suppose I should try to ascertain it for you?"

He looked at me with doubtful wonder, and then said calmly but resolutely: "No; you have surprised from me a secret which I never meant to betray—a stranger. I do not deny it, I love Justina Warner more deeply than she is the least aware of. She treats me as a friend; if she did, I might forfeit that position which she so dear to me. I love Justina Warner, but she shall never know it."

"At least not through any other than yourself," said I, turning round, for there stood Justina Warner just behind us.

De Lacy clasped his hands over his eyes, and looked as if he longed to make one bolt over the garden-wall. Justina looked discontented, but not displeased; and though the flash of animation and joy brought back herself in her young days to my fancy; yet even my vanity could take umbrage. She was turning to go, but I caught her hand.

"Let me take the privilege of an old friend," said I—"a very old friend."—There was some quick look at my face.

"It is—it must be. How could I be so blind! Gerald! what a silly trick you have played me; I never will forgive you!"

"Not quite so silly either," I replied, still retaining her hand: "I have made great discoveries by it. I have found out that I am fifteen years older; that such as I am now, you only consider yourself bound to me in honor, and frankly, and freely, and truly, I give you back your promise."

"What! you will not have me?" said she, and looked out of her dark eyes with the merry, EGYPTIAN smile of old days. She would have turned away, before I could answer, to join the rest of the party.

What had become of poor Howard de Lacy I know not, but I found myself with Justina Warner. She said in her old quick manner, and with a sort of *maternity* that rather alarmed me.

"And so you have come down in this melodramatic fashion to renounce me forever?"

"Not quite," replied I, laughing. "I am quite ready to fulfill our engagement, if—if I do me the honor to insist on preferring a battered scourge, gray-haired old Indian, to any one else in the world."

She glanced at me askance, with eyes that looked very mischievous, in spite of the prim cap to see if I was in earnest, then she turned her head away.

"Forgive me, dear Justina," I continued, "and hear my justification. Since that decision, by which we both agreed to abide, I have ascertained the existence of one of the one—in short, the only woman—the—I mean Hester Dering."

"Thank you," said Justina, with the little reserved manner that belonged to the prim cap, "for that balm to my vanity. I thought perhaps you had gone distraught by a vision of your first love, Rose May, who, I dare say, exists some where too."

"Do you not know, then," exclaimed I, who Rose May is? And she, too, passes me as a stranger—it is truly heart-rending."

All this time I was thinking of Hester's exclamation—she had known me at once. Just at that moment there loomed upon us, at the end of the garden-walk, capacious Lady Coddleton, who had condescended to place the tips of her fingers on the arm of Mr. Smalley, who was carrying Mouton on the other.

"There!" said I—"can you conceive it possible that was once my May-Rose! O world! O life! O time!"

Justina was almost too astonished to reply at first; then she said:

"It is possible, Gerald! And you, too, whom I did not know, and myself—should you not have known me?"

"Oh, yes," said I—"anywhere. Take off that odious cap, and you will look just like yourself. As you have been talking to me now, I quite wondered I had thought you altered at first. It is the mind that never alters, and now you are your own natural self. You have quite forgiven me, have you not, Justina? And if I may venture any advice—But here comes poor De Lacy again. He will perhaps advise you better than I can."

"He is so young!"

"And yet you, with that buoyant, youthful character, which he so well understands, are younger still. I believe he sincerely loves you; but he is poor, mind-minded, and sensitive; he shrinks from the idea of seeking you for your fortune."

I did not wait for her reply, but turned down another alley, and left the two together. I felt happy and relieved that I was free, and my task of tracing Hester Dering was now, I thought, easy; though, from the failure of all former efforts, I was at a loss how to commence my search. Pondering on this, I wandered on still in the garden alone, till a bell, ringing from the house, made me turn my steps mechanically that way. A voice near me roused me from my dreams; it was that of Rose Coddleton.

"There now, Miss Marston, there's the tea-bell; and do, pray, come into the drawing-room as soon as we have taken off our bonnets. I shall go in now, and get my hair done smooth. I wish you would let me have it turned up. I am sure I am much too old for plain, only ma likes me to look quite a child, I know."

The young lady darted off, jumping over a flower-bed, and scrambling through the shrubs, leaving her governess to follow; and I could not avoid meeting her as she walked leisurely along the narrow path of the shrubbery. We were close to each other before I looked up to observe her, and there—was it truth? Was it a dream, or the image that had so strangely filled my mind? It was really and truly Hester Dering. She stood not a moment irresolute; her recognition of me was as instantaneous as my own of her; then with a motherly cry, she fell into my arms, and I clasped her close to my heart, as if I feared to lose her again.

The tea-bell had rung in vain, and the closing evening alone reminded us to return to the house. Hester had passed through a life of sorrow and suffering since we had parted. I must only here briefly say what had led her to her present position.

Her mother had died, and her father married again, foolishly, a young and frivolous wife. Her own marriage seemed the only chance of escape from a miserable home; but she refused all solicitations on this point, and by so doing, so entirely offended her father, that he made no opposition to her residing with the aunt (for her uncle was dead) with whom she had been before traveling that memorable summer. With her aunt she passed some tranquil years, till she was summoned to attend her father's death-bed. He died of apoplexy, and never spoke after she arrived. His affairs proved to be in the greatest disorder, and except the settlement made on his widow, all that remained for Hester was a mere pittance.

Most unhappily, too, the kind aunt, who had been more than a mother to Hester, suffered as well as herself from the ruin of Mr. Dering, all her fortune, at her husband's death, having been placed in his hands for investment. Thus reduced in circumstances, Hester had to decline the renewed addresses of a very disinterested admirer; but she would not leave her aunt, whose health was in a very declining state; and removing to London, that wilderness where they might be the most unknown, Hester added to their small means of subsistence by selling her paintings and teaching music.

At last, her aunt died; and till then she had never lost courage, nor felt entirely alone. She did not all she suffered at this time; sickness, poverty, and a dependency that made her unable to use the means that had before supported them both. They had changed their name with their fallen circumstances; and it was through the means of one of her musical pupils that Hester at last obtained a place as governess with Lady Coddleton.

"And so, you know me directly, Hester," said I, "in spite of my brown face and gray hair; and neither of the others did. And you, I don't see that you are the least altered, though you have had a whole life of suffering to wear you down, while they have never had a care nor a trouble but of their own making. How is this?"

"Because, I suppose, we know each other by the soul, which 'the others,' as you call them, never did. That never alters, dear Gerald, that never grows old."

Hester and I were soon after married, and afterwards spent some time abroad. I had desired William to write me at Florence if any very desirable purchase of "house and land" should come to his knowledge. He presently wrote accordingly, to tell me that Miss Warner's place, Whitethorns, was to be sold, and in his opinion, would just suit me.

I hurried to Hester with the letter, in which there was not a word of Justina, nor any reason given for the sale of her property. I then looked vaguely through the English newspapers. They were full of tidings of fearful interest, for it was at the height of the Crimean war—that sudden reality of horror which brought such bitter experiences of sorrow, privation, disease, suffering, and "sundry kinds of death," into a class in England with whom all this had before been mere words. I had but few friends for whom to feel a personal anxiety, and Hester took the paper from my hands to look for marriages. An exclamation of amused surprise escaped her.

"Gerald! guess who is married!"

"Justina Warner, of course."

"Oh, you forgot that marriage was fixed for the week after we left England. Guess again."

"No—tell me."

"Well, then, Lady Coddleton to the Rev. Samuel Smalley."

I ought not to have been surprised, but some how the identity of Lady Coddleton with Rose May flashed suddenly across me, and I felt almost personally insulted that she had made so foolish a choice. I felt literally ashamed of her and of my successor. Hester was lenient in her judgment, but could not discuss the subject without laughing.

We had returned to London, and almost the first visit we received at our hotel in Albemarle Street was from Howard de Lacy. He was duly preceded by his card, or I should scarcely have recognized him, so worn he looked, so altered, and there was an ominous hectic in his hollow cheeks. I felt sure there was something wrong, something amiss; yet, with that strange reserve, only comprehensible between two shy Englishmen, we neither of us pronounced the name of Justina.

Hester came suddenly in upon us, and at once exclaimed: "But Justina, why is she not with you? Is she well? Tell me where I shall find her!"

It was some moments before he replied—the two red spots on his cheeks grew redder, and then quite pale. "Miss Warner," said he, "is in the Crimea."

"In the Crimea!" repeated I.

"Not married!" exclaimed my wife.

He wrong my hand, and was quite unable to speak. At last he said: "Gerald, she is a noble creature! I am not worthy of her, and ought not to complain. As you have been abroad, and have not perhaps seen the newspapers, it must come on you strangely enough; and the name of Florence Nightingale would tell you nothing.

Her story seems, indeed, to belong to the age of saints and martyrs, and to give a touch of beauty and dignity to ours, a glory of courage and devotedness. But of Justina—do not ask me to tell you the details of how it all came about. She is one of the hospital sisters at Scutari."

"But, after all," I said, "your engagement continues? We will return; and then?"

He looked more disconsolate than ever. "No," said he, "all is over between us. The letters she has written to me since her departure have dissolved our engagement."